

THE TRAGEDIE OF Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus. All here my Varlet, He vname againe.
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, Troylus alas hath none.
Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?
Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skillesse as vnpractis'd Infancie.
Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my
part, He not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will
haue a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the
grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?
Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.
Troy. Haue I not tarried?
Pan. I the bolting; but you must tarry the leauing.
Troy. Still haue I tarried.
Pan. I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word
hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the
heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you must stay
the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.
Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be,
Doth lesseer blench at sufferance, then I doe:
At Priams Royall Table doe I sit;
And when faire Cressid comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.
Pan. Well:
She look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,
Or any woman else.
Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rine in twaine,
Least Helior, or my Father should perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-scorne)
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is cou'd in seeming gladnesse,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.
Pan. And her haire were not somewhat darker then
Helens, well go too, there were no more compatison be-
tweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-
man, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold

some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will
not dispraise your sister Cassandras wit, but

Troy. Oh Pandarus! I tell thee Pandarus;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressids loue. Thou answerst she is Faire,
Pow'r it in the open Vicer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand
(In whose comparison, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,
The Cigaretts Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'st me;
As true thou tel'st me, when I say I loue her:
But saying this, instead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou la'st in every gath that loue hath giuen me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.
Troy. Thou do'st not speake so much.
Pan. Faith, He not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is,
if she be faire, 'tis the better for her; and she be not, the
ha's the meads in her owne hands.
Troy. Good Pandarus: How now Pandarus?
Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought
on of her, and ill thought of of you: Gone betwene and
betwene, but small thanks for my Labour.

Troy. What art thou angry Pandarus? what with me?
Pan. Because she's kinne to me, therefore shee's not
so faire as Helen; and she were not kin to me, she would
be as faire on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what
care I? I care not and she were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all
one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?
Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a
Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks,
and so He tell her the next time I see her: for my part, He
meddle nor make no more in't matter.

Troy. Pandarus? **Pan.** Not I.
Troy. Sweete Pandarus.
Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all
as I found it, and there an end. Exit Pand.

Tro. Peace you vngacious Clamors, peace rude sounds,
Foolles on both sides, Helen must needs be faire,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus,
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida.

It is too staru'd a subiect for my Sword,
But Pandarus: O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As she is stubborne, chaff, against all suite.
Tell me Apollo for thy Daphnes Loue
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we:
Her bed is India, there she lies, a Pearle,
Between our Ilium, and where shee recides
Let it be cald the wild and wandering flood,
Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling Pandar,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter Aeneas.
Ene. How now Prince Troylus?

Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Because not there; this womans answer sorts.
For womanish it is to be from thence:

What newes Aeneas from the field to day?

Ene. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom Aeneas?

Ene. Troylus by Menelaus.

Troy. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne.

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus horne. **Alarum.**

Ene. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:

But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?

Ene. In all swift haste.

Troy. Come goe wee then together. **Exeunt.**

Enter Cressid and her man.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Man. Queene Hecuba, and Hellen.

Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Vp to the Easterne Tower,

Whole height commands as subiect all the vaile,

To see the battell: Helior whose patience,

Is as a Vertue fixt, so day was mou'd:

He chides Andromache and strooke his Armorer, I

And like as there were husbandry in Warre

Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,

And to the field goe's he; where euery flower

Did as a Prophet weepe what it forswaw,

In Heliors wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Man. The noise goe's this;

There is among the Greeks,

A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to Helior,

They call him Aiaz.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They say he is a very man of se and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or

haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beafts of their

particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish

as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom

nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht

into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no

man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a

my man attains, but he carries some staine of it. He is

melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire,

hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so

out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie Briar rose, many hands

and no vse; or purblind Argus, all eyes, and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile,

make Helior angry?

Man. They say he yesterday cop'd Helior in the bat-

tell and strooke him downe, the disdain'd & shame where-

of, hath euer since kept He

En.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam your V

Cre. Helior a gallant

Man. As may be in th

Pan. What's that? wha

Cre. Good morrow V

Pan. Good morrow C

of good morrow Alexan

were you at Ilium?

Cre. This morning V

Pan. What were you

Helior arm'd and gon ere

not vp? was she?

Cre. Helior was gone

Pan. Eene so; Helior v

Cre. That were we tal

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he saies here.

Pan. True he was; I

about him to day I can tel

will not come farre behin

Troylus; I can tell them th

Cre. What is he angry

Pan. Who Troylus?

Troylus is the better man

Cre. Oh Iupiter; there's

Pan. What not betwee

know a man if you see him

Cre. If I euer saw him

Pan. Well I say Troylus

Cre. Then you say as I

For I am sure he is not Hel

Pan. No not Helior is

Cre. 'Tis iust, to each of

Pan. Himselfe; alas poe

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had g

Cre. He is not Helior.

Pan. Himselfe; well, the Gods

himselfe; well, the Gods

end: well Troylus well, I w

dy; no, Helior is not a bett

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardo

Pan. Th'others not con

ther tale when th'others

haue his will this yeare.

Cre. He shall not neede

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beautie.

Cre. 'Twould not beco

Pan. You haue no iudg

swore th'other day, that Tr

to 'tis I must confesse) not

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to say truth,

Cre. To say the truth, tr

Pan. She prais'd his com

Cre. Why Paris hath ce

Pan. So, he has.

Cre. Then Troylus shoul

him about, his complexion